

Nº 1

OCTOBER

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COMICS

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Announcing.. FUNNIEST AMERICA'S MAGAZINE!

No 1

OCTOBER

GIGGLE COMICS

10¢



*The LAUGHINGEST
RIB-TICKLER THAT
EVER HIT THE STANDS!
And packed chokeful
of*

★
GIGGLES ★
★ **BOARS** ★
BELLY-
★ **LAFFS** ★

IT'S THE
FUNNY-BONE
OF THE
CENTURY!

Reserve

YOUR LAUGHS NOW!
THEY'RE WAITING
in

GIGGLE COMICS

10¢

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY!

ON ALL STANDS

HA HA COMICS published monthly and copyright, 1943, by Creston Publications Corp., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
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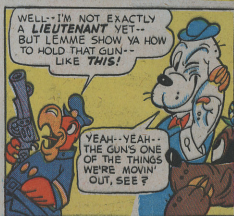
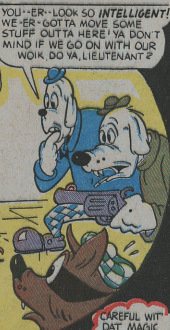
PETE PARROT

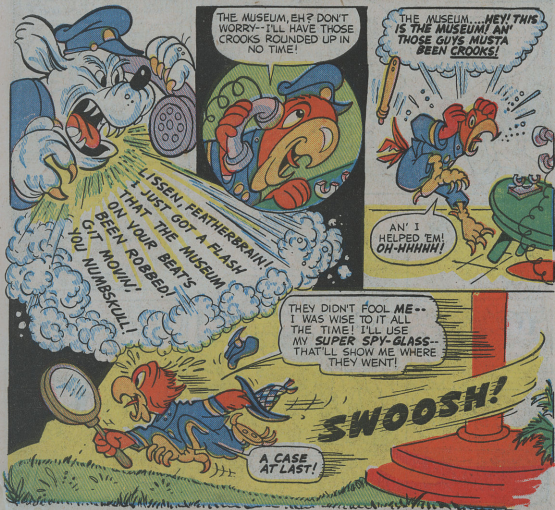
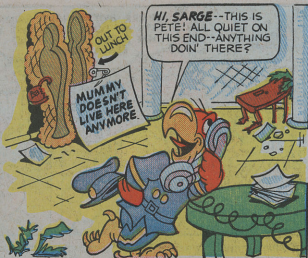
...— ROOKIE POLICEMAN.

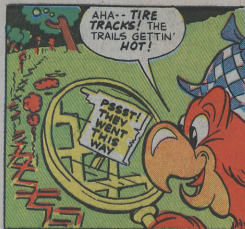


THIS ENERGETIC GENT'S PETE PARROT HIMSELF! HE ONCE SOLVED A MYSTERY-- IN A DETECTIVE MAGAZINE-- SO LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE DRIFTS OFF TO SLEEP!

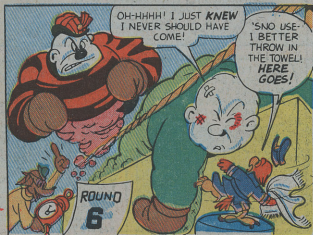
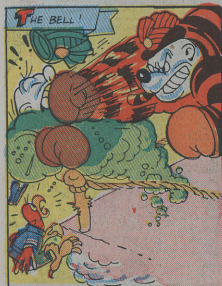


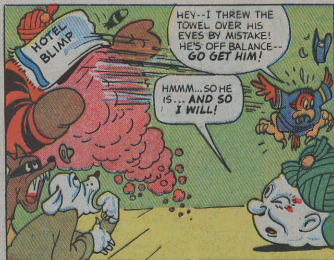


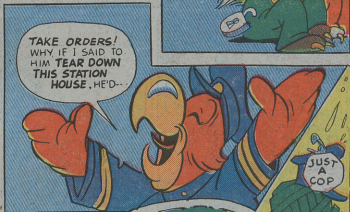
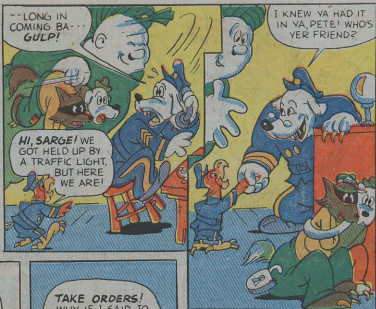


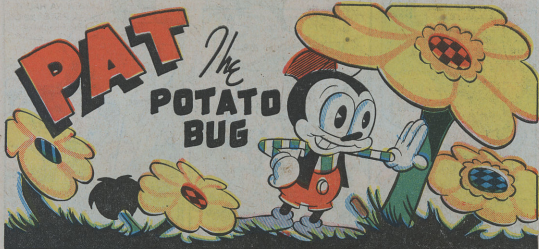




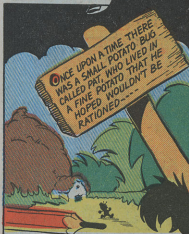








THE BUGGIN'---



BUT WHY WORRY ABOUT THAT? IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MORNING--THE DEW DOOD IT!



I REALLY *SHOULD* GO TO SCHOOL-- BUT OLE MISS WASP'S GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT ME! I GOT IT--I'LL GO HUNTIN' ADVENTURE!



JEEPERS! THERE'S OLE POP LAW-- AS USUAL, ASLEEP ON HIS BEET!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T PAT! HIYA, SONNYBOY?

SMILE WHEN YA SAY THOSE WORDS! TODAY I AM A BUG!



BUT THERE'S SUMP'N I BEEN WONDERIN' ABOUT! HOW DO YA GET TO BE A COR, POP?



THAT'S HARD! NOW, I WOULDN'T WANNA BRAG, OF COURSE--

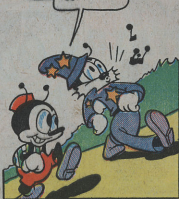


--BUT WHERE'D I BE
TODAY IF IT WASN'T
FER COURAGE--BRAVERY
--THAT WELL-KNOWN
FIGHTIN' HEART
O' MINE?

I'LL
BITE--
WHERE?



THE STRENGTH OF A TIGER'S
HELPFUL, OF COURSE--AND
IT DON'T HURT TO BE A
HERO--LIKE PRESENT
COMPANY--



SAY NO
MORE! I HEAR
THERE'S A TERRIBLE
VAMPIRE BAT LIVIN'
IN THIS TREE--WE'LL
SHOW HIM WHAT'S
WHAT, HUH?



HEY--YOU'RE NOT
SCARED, ARE
YA?



ME--**SCARED**?
YAIN'T FORGETTIN'
MY HEART O' OAK.
ARE YA?



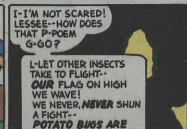
--AN' TO **PROVE** THAT
NOTHIN' FAZES ME--
I'LL **STAND GUARD**
HERE WHILE YOU
GO IN!



BOY, WHAT A
HERO! I CAN'T
LET HIM
DOWN!



I-I'M NOT **SCARED**!
LESSEE--HOW DOES
THAT P-POEM
G-GO?



L-LET OTHER INSECTS
TAKE TO FLIGHT--
OUR FLAG ON HIGH
WE WAVE!
WE NEVER, NEVER SHUN
A FIGHT--
**POTATO BUGS ARE
BRAVE!**



I'M IN-- AN' NOTHIN'S
HAPPENED YET! GOSH, THIS
MUST BE THE MAIN
LIVING ROOM, OR
SUMP'N!



SUDDENLY--

BOO!

JEEPERS!
IT'S THE
B-BAT!



**SO! YOU DARE TO
ENTER MY ROYAL
DOMAIN!
GR-RRR!**



P-PLEASE DONT KILL ME,
MR. BAT! I-I JUST DROPPED
IN TO TELL YA HOW MUCH
I THINK OF YA! G-GEE--
A SWELL G-GUY
LIKE YOU--



AW-WWW! STOP
CRYIN'--IT **DOES**
SLUMP'N TO ME!
JUST RELAX, PAL
--RELAX!



I'M REALLY A VERY LONELY
GUY! I BEEN SENTENCED
TO LIVE HERE ALONE
ON ACCOUNT OF THE
OTHER BATS THINK
I'M **BATTY!**



I'M A GREAT INVENTOR--
BUT NOBODY UNDERSTDS
ME! F'RINSTANCE, I
FIGURE BATS SHOULD
RUN ON BATTERIES--



IT **SOUNDS** LOGICAL!
WHAT ELSE?



THEY LAUGHED AT
MY INVENTION TO
MAKE FEMALE BATS
GLAMOR GIRLS--
REGULAR
BATTERFLIES!



BUT THE **REAL** REASON
THEY KICKED ME OUT IS
THAT I'M THE ONLY BAT
IN BATDOM WITH THREE
EARS--**LOOK!**



I THINK YOU'VE
GOT **LOVELY** EARS!
BUT COULD I SEE
SOME OF YOUR
INVENTIONS?



I'LL SHOW
YOU MY LATEST!
COME UP TO
THE BOOM-
BOOM TOWER!



HOW DO YA LIKE IT? I
CALL IT MY **BAMBOO TOOTH-
PICK AIR-PRESSURE
TORPEDO GUN!**



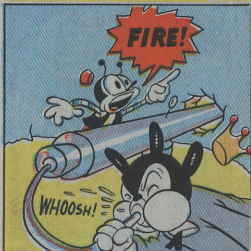
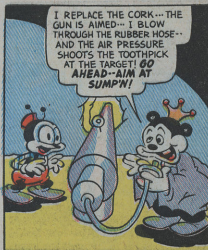
GOSH!
HOW DOES
IT WORK?

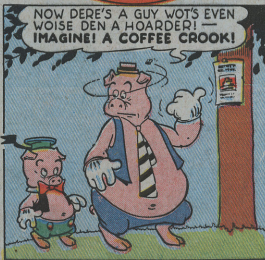
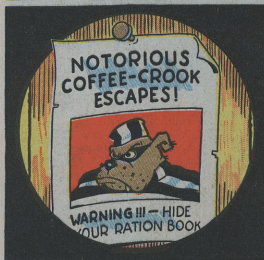
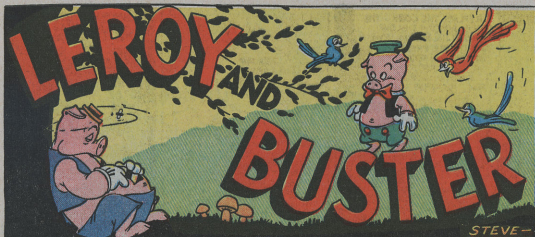
Y'SEE, THE BARREL'S
A BAMBOO STICK! I
REMOVE THIS CORK
WIT' TH' RUBBER
HOSE ATTACHED
TO IT--



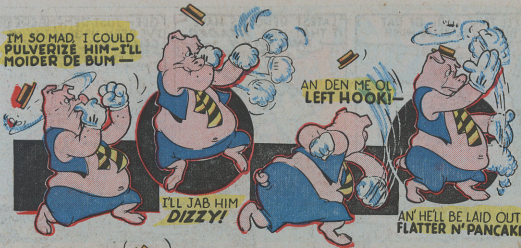
I THEN LOAD THE
BARREL WITH THIS
FINE TOOTHPICK--







IM SO MAD. I COULD
PULVERIZE HIM—I'LL
MOIDER DE BUM—

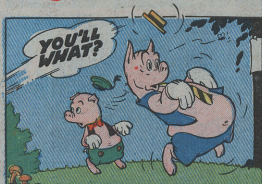


I'LL JAB HIM
DIZZY!

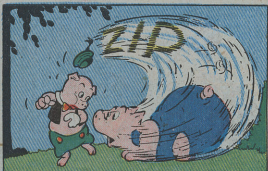
AN DEN ME OL
LEFT HOOK!

AN HE'LL BE LAID OUT
FLATTER N' PANCAKES!

YOU'LL
WHAT?



WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? — DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN CAPTURE THIS
COFFEE-CROOK? OH, DEAR,
I HOPE SO!



I HAVE A WHOLE POUND OF COFFEE
IN MY SAFE AT HOME, AND I'M AFRAID
I'LL BE ROBBED! —

AND I'M OFFERING A REWARD
OF \$5,000 FOR HIS CAPTURE!

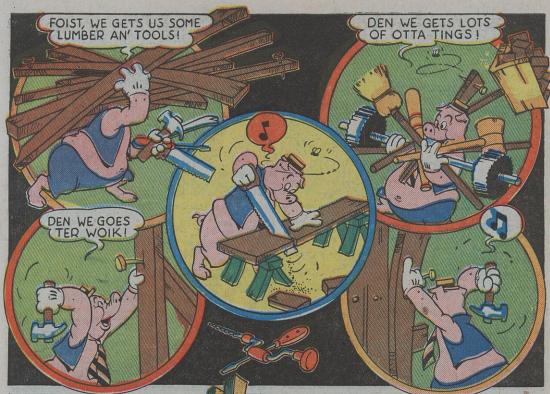
\$5,000!!



MY FRIEND — YER
WORRIES ARE OVER!





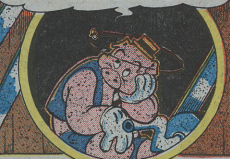


ALL I GOTTA DO, IS SET HERE AN' WAIT
'TILL TH' CROOK GOES IN—DEN I TOINS
DIS AN HE GETS TH' WOIKS!—

I HOPE YOU'RE
RIGHT!



GEE!—IT'LL BE JUST ME LUCK **NOT**
TO HAVE DAT CROOK SHOW UP!



BUT!
AT THAT
VERY
SECOND,
HOVERING
JUST OUTSIDE,
WAS

**—THE ESCAPED
COFFEE CROOK!**

DO ME NOSTRILS DECEIVE
ME, OR DOES I SMELL **COFFEE?**



AH! DE AROMA IS
GETTIN' STRONGER!

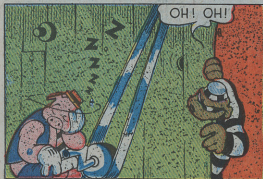


ENTRANCE
TO **SAFE**

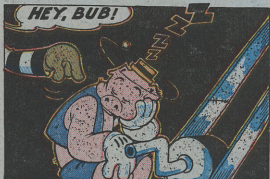
WOT'S DIS?

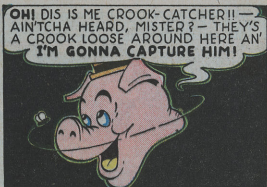


OH! OH!



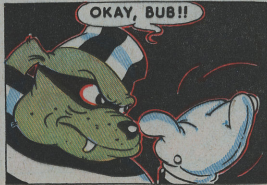
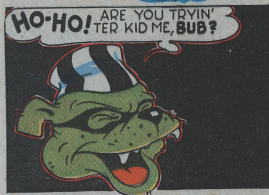
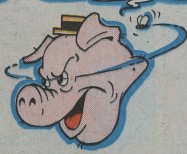
HEY, BUB!



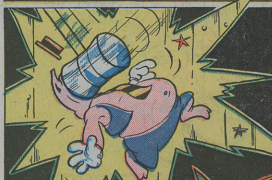
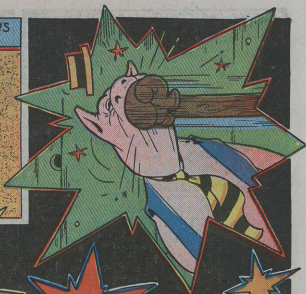
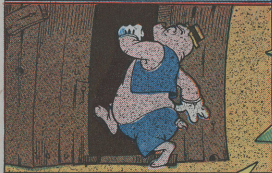


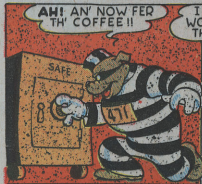
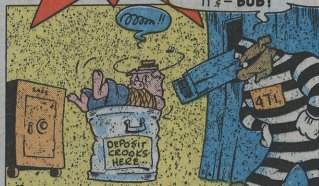
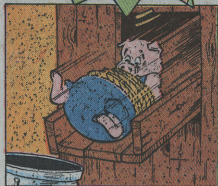
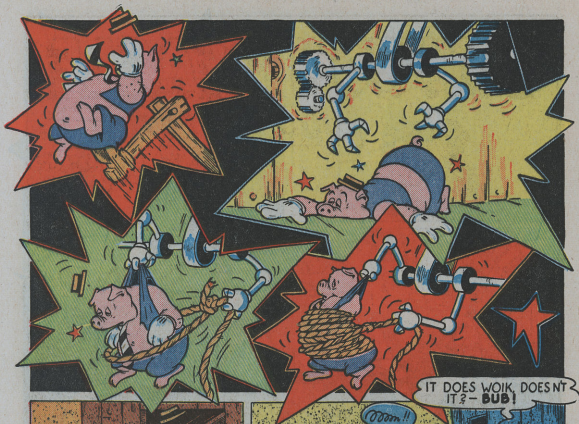
YEAH? WIT DAT RAT-TRAP? ARE YER SURE IT'LL WOIK, BUB?

WOIK? SURE IT'LL WOIK! I BUILT IT ME-SELF!



—AND THEN LEROY BRAVELY ENTERS
HIS OWN CROOK-CATCHER!





I SUSPECTED THAT THIS WOULD HAPPEN, SO I TOOK THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.



BOW-WOW BEAGLE

DOG DETECTIVE

BY GORDON SHEEHAN



Poor SUDS was only a HENPECKED JANITOR--UNTIL HE ASSUMED THE GREATEST DUAL IDENTITY IN DOGDOM! WHAT HAPPENED THEN--WELL, IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG! GO ON FROM THERE, DEAR READER!

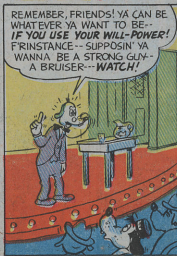
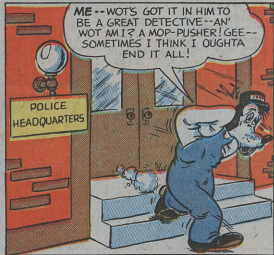
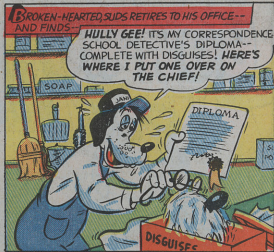
AH, ME! JANITOR AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--I GUESS THAT'S THE NEAREST I'LL EVER GET TO BEIN' A COP!

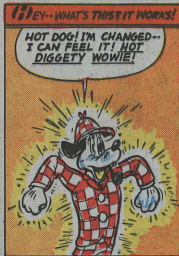
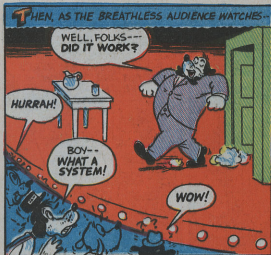
THAT MASTER-CRIMINAL'S BEEN MAKIN' OUR LIFE MISERABLE-- AND WE CAN'T STOP HIM!

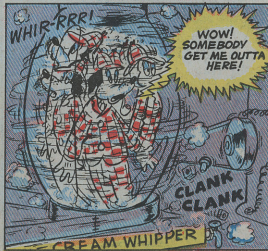
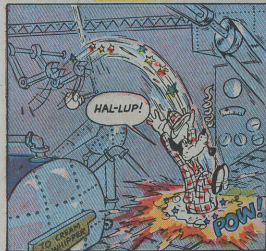
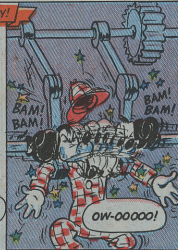
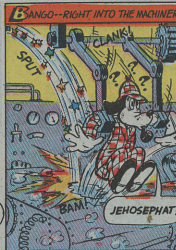
HERE HE IS, FOLKS -- DRIZZLEPUSS DAVE, LEADER OF THE CATNIP SMUGGLERS! HELP US GET HIM-- BEFORE THE MAYOR GETS OUR SCALPS!

WANTED

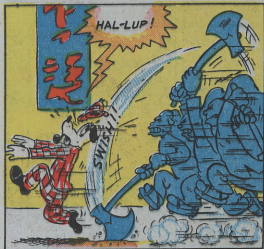
DRIZZLEPUSS & DAVE



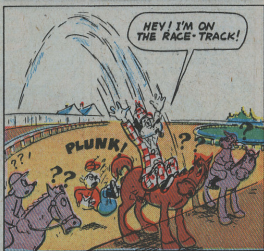
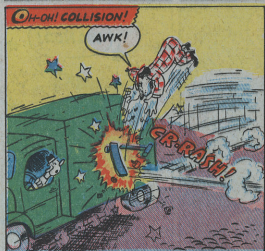
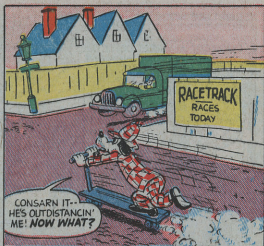
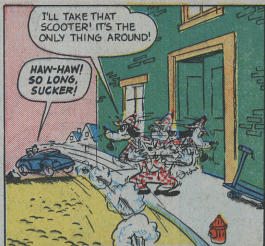


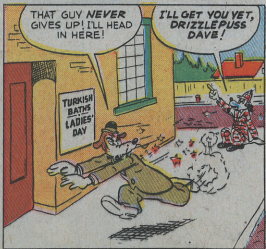
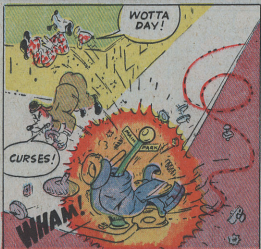
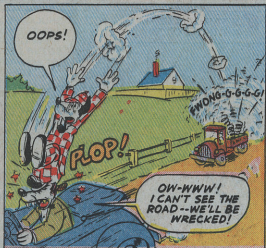
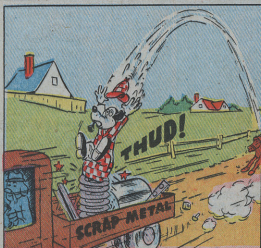
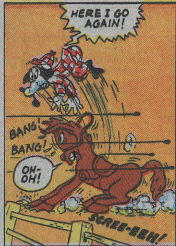
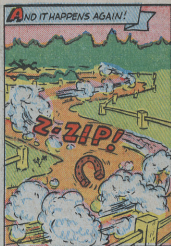


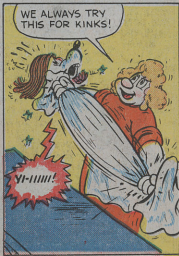
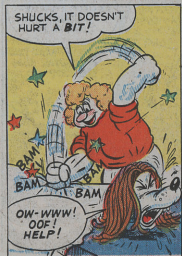


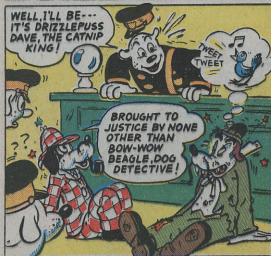
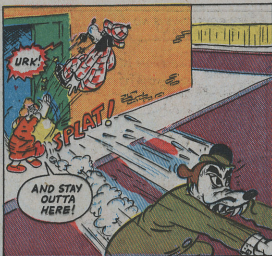
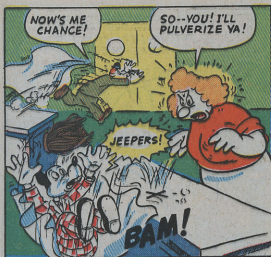


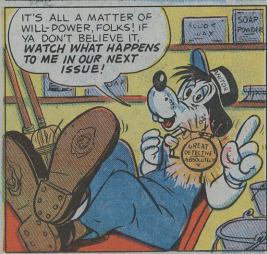






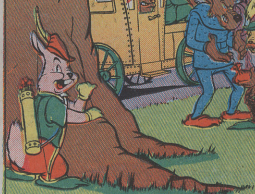






ROBIN RAIBIT

HMMM-----
AND A "C"
CARD, TOO!

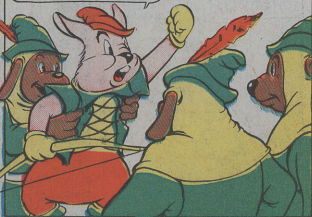


—BILL HUDSON—

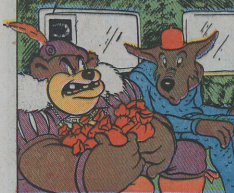
MY MEN AND I WILL PUT AN
END TO THESE TRIBUTES TO
BARON BEAR!



COME ON, MEN! LET'S GIVE THE BARON
A LITTLE SURPRISE!



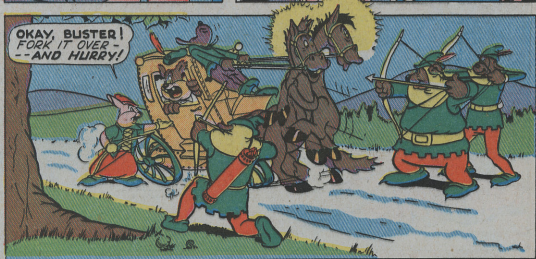
DAT CHUMP WUZ TREE CENTS
SHORT AGIN---WATCH DAT OR
I'LL BERL YOUSE IN ERL!



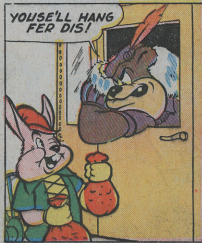
GET SET, MEN---
HERE HE COMES!



OKAY, BUSTER!
FORK IT OVER--
--AND HURRY!



YOUSE'LL HANG
FER DIS!



BYE-BYE---
DON'T TAKE ANY
WOODEN NICKELS!

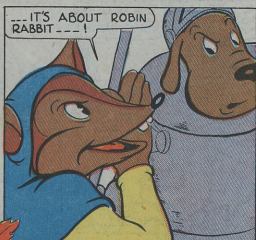
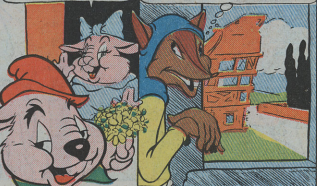






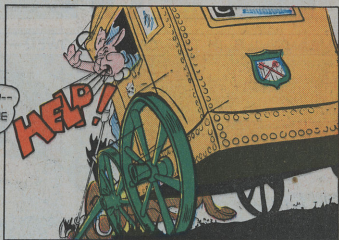
OH, ROBIN! ----
FLOWERS-- FOR ME?

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO
COLLECT THAT REWARD!

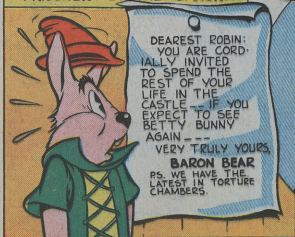




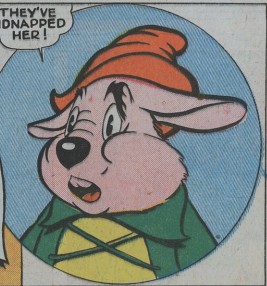
HE LEFT ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO--- WHY?



ROBIN RETURNS THE NEXT DAY ONLY TO FIND THAT BETTY HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BARON---



THEY'VE KIDNAPPED HER!





MEANWHILE IN THE CASTLE TOWER--

--AN' WHEN ROBIN
COMES, HE'LL FALL
THROUGH THAT TRAPDOOR
AND NOBODY HAS EVER COME
OUT OF THERE... **DEAD OR
ALIVE!**



REMEMBER NOW,
MISS BUNNY,
I
WANT ALL THAT
GOLD COUNTED!

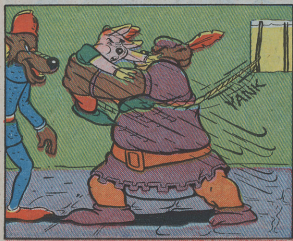
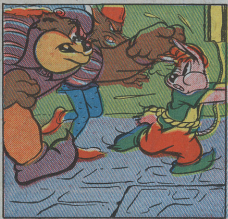
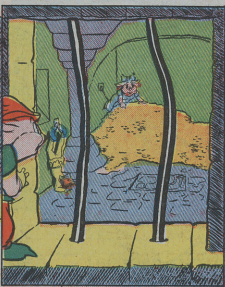
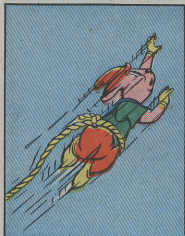


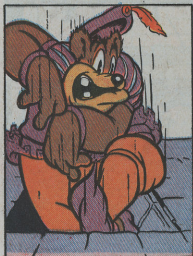
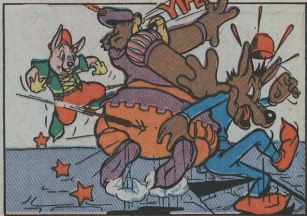
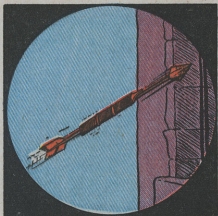
JUST OUTSIDE THE CASTLE...



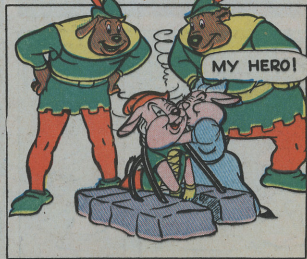
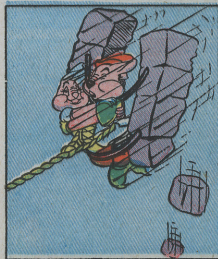
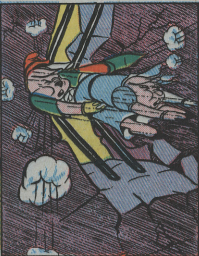
REMEMBER NOW, MEN...
**ONE YANK ON THIS ROPE
MEANS - SEND ME UP A FILE -
TWO YANKS MEANS -...
PULL ME OUTTA THERE!**



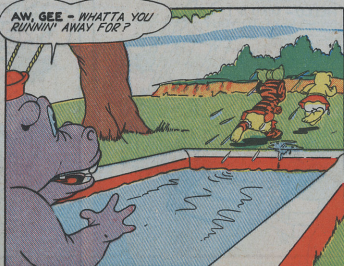


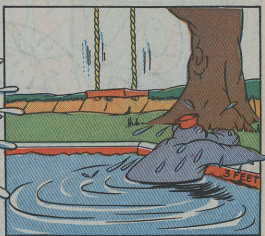
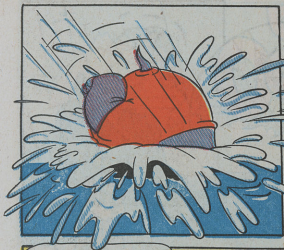


GIVE THIS ROPE TWO
YANKS AND WE'LL BE
OUTTA HERE IN NO
TIME!

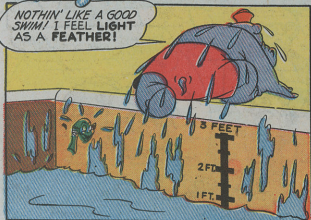


YOUNG HI APO



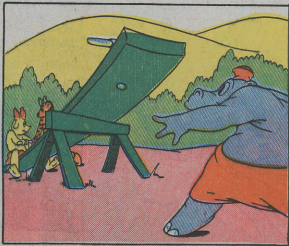
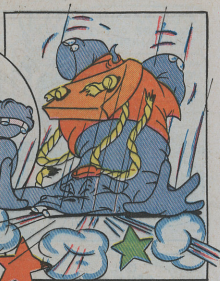
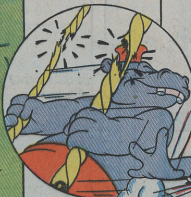
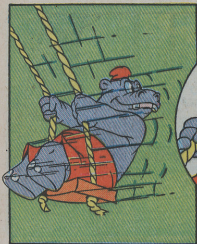


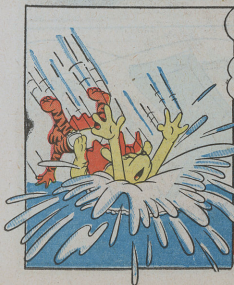
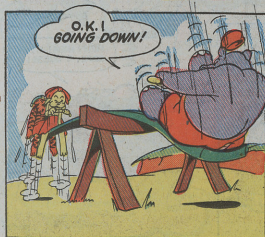
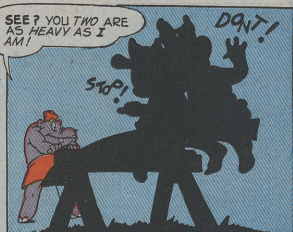
NOTHIN' LIKE A GOOD
SWIM! I FEEL LIGHT
AS A FEATHER!



HELLO - MIND IF I
SWING NEXT TO YOU?



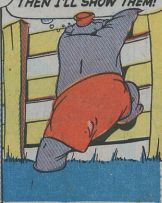




GOSH! CAN I HELP IT
IF I'M FAT AND HEALTHY?

I'LL REDUCE -
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!
THEN I'LL SHOW THEM!

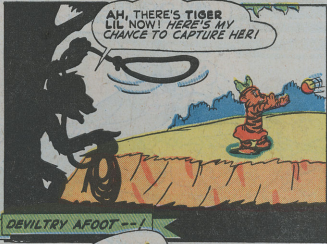
I'LL GET SO SKINNY -
THEY'LL ALL BE JEALOUS!



AW -
SHUCKS!



AH, THERE'S TIGER
LIL' NOW! HERE'S MY
CHANCE TO CAPTURE HER!

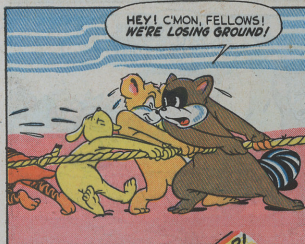
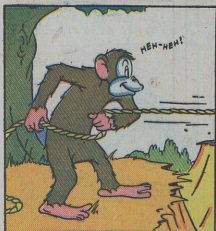


DEVILTRY AFOOT --!



HELP!
SOMEBODY
HELP ME!







PETE KITTEN'S VICTORY DRIVE

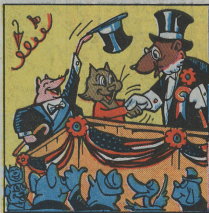
AN ANIMALS-FOR-VICTORY STORY... by R.W. HARING

PETE KIT-TEN'S mind was made up. There was a war on, and Zoo-ville was going to do its duty! "Nobody's too small to do his share for Victory!" he told Mayor Possum.

"What can a little town like this do for such a big war?" roared Paddy Possum. "I've got enough on my mind worrying about Governor Bear—he's coming here on an inspection trip soon, and if everything isn't just right, I'll catch PLENTY!" Then suddenly a clever idea struck him—he knew how to get rid of that pestiferous Pete Kitten. "Suppose YOU take on the job of organizing Zooville's war effort," he chuckled. "When you find there's nothing you can do, maybe you'll let me alone for awhile!"

There was a lot to do—and not much time to do it in! Pete began by ringing every door-bell in town. "Patriotic work?" said Farmer Fox, rubbing his chin reflectively. "Wal... I dunno..." And "Work—for defense?" twittered Gracie Groundhog. "What could a poor little thing like ME do?" But Pete kept at it. Day and night he worked, telling all his animal friends what a great coun-

try they lived in—showing them how they could bring victory nearer. Finally came the big day when Governor Bear arrived to inspect Zoo-ville. All the town turned out for a big parade past the reviewing stand. Then came the time for the Governor's speech. "FELLOW CITIZENS!" he thundered. "I like your little town—but there's ONE BIG



FAULT! What have you done for defense—for VICTORY? NOTHING—AND I'M HOLDING MAYOR POSSUM RESPONSIBLE!"

Poor Mayor Possum! Was HE miserable! But suddenly up stepped Pete Kitten! "You're wrong!" he cried. "Zooville's all out for victory—and if you'll let me call my committees, I'll

prove it to you!" First came Farmer Fox. "I've organized the Air-Raid Wardens!" he said proudly. Then came Gracie Groundhog. "I'm in charge of the Red Cross!" she chirped. The Committee in charge of Victory Gardens, under Waldo Woodchuck, reported that gardens had been started all over Zooville. Bumpo Beaver told about the new drive on Japanese Beetles. Chuckie Chipmunk spoke up about the salvage campaign Pete Kitten had assigned HIM to. When it was finished, and all the committees had reported, Governor Bear cried, "I TAKE IT ALL BACK! Zooville's doing a GREAT job—and Mayor Possum's to be congratulated!"

It was Mayor Possum's turn to blush—and he did! "Folks," he said, "Pete Kitten's taught me a lesson—that there's plenty that EVERY town and EVERY citizen can do for the war effort! And for his work in organizing civilian defense I'm appointing him ASSISTANT MAYOR—that is, if none of you objects!"

Nobody did! A great cheer rang out, and Pete beamed happily about him. He was proud—proud that he had done his duty and brought victory that much nearer!

HOW LITTLE PETE KITTEN GAVE THE AXIS THE AXE!

THE DOGTOWN DETECTIVE

A FUNNY STORY ABOUT A GHOST ROBBER by F.O. PETERS



SHERLOCK HOUND just loved happy faces—and it saddened him to see young Constable Pupp so blue. “Why so downcast?” he asked.

Parker Pupp groaned aloud. “Gran’pa Goat’s store’s been robbed three times running—and if I don’t catch the thief, I lose my job!”

“What a chance!” laughed Chucko Chipmunk. “Everybody knows a ghost has been robbing that place—and nobody can catch a GHOST!”

Sherlock Hound’s ears pricked up. “C’mon, son!” he said to Parker Pupp. “Let’s go talk to Gran’pa!”

It looked like a pretty hopeless case. “This crook’s so clever he gets in through barred windows and a triple-locked door to steal my money!” growled Gran’pa Goat. “He did it last Monday, Wednesday and Friday—as if I didn’t have enough trouble on those very days, with my indigestion almost KILLIN’ me! I want protection—and if it happens once more, this goldurned young constable’ll find himself out of a job!”

The great Dogtown Detective patted poor Parker Pupp’s shoulder reassuringly. “Let’s look around!” he said. But there wasn’t a single clue. How had the burglar gotten in—unless

he was REALLY a ghost? Sherlock Hound pondered, and then said to Gran’pa Goat, “Come on down to Pop Weasel’s Soda Bar! We’ll talk this thing over!” But he didn’t do much talking when he got there. Instead, he plied old Gran’pa with sodas and sundaes galore. “Forget your indigestion!” he said. “It’s all on me!”

Midnight found the great detective and Constable Pupp

Quietly they stole after him—watched him reach an old hollow tree and stuff something inside. “All right, Constable!” cried Sherlock Hound. “TAKE YOUR MAN!” Parker Pupp needed no urging. “GHOST OR NO GHOST—HERE I COME!” he yelled—and leaped upon the mysterious figure! There were muffled exclamations—indignant outcries—until the Dogtown Detective moved in, snatched away the sheet and revealed—OLD GRAN’PA GOAT HIMSELF!

“Here is your thief!” Sherlock Hound chuckled. “I knew that nobody could break into such a heavily-protected store! And when I found out that the ‘robberies’ had occurred on the very nights Gran’pa suffered from his indigestion, I put two and two together and figured out—SLEEPWALKING! So I made sure to stuff him with sodas and sundaes to bring on another spell of indigestion, so we could settle that ghost once and for all! But I had to wait and see where he had been putting the money he was stealing from himself, or we’d never have been able to get it back!”

Constable Pupp grinned happily and shook old Sherlock Hound’s paw vigorously. “You have saved my job!” he said. “I might have known that the great Dogtown Detective NEVER fails!”

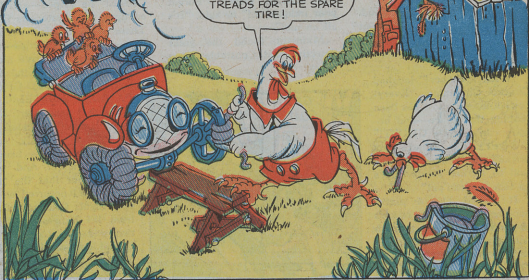


crouched behind a tree in the moonlight, watching Gran’pa Goat’s store. “We’ll be able to see anybody who tries to get in!” whispered Parker Pupp. “Our Ghost Robber’s got another method,” chuckled Sherlock Hound. “He comes OUT! LOOK!” And sure enough—just then the store-door creaked open—AND OUT STOLE A SHEETED FIGURE!

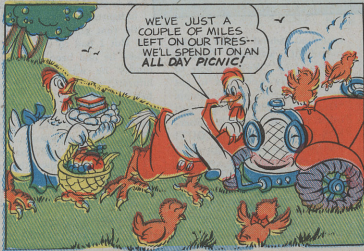
HOW POOR CONSTABLE PUPP GOT OUT OF THE DOGHOUSE!

Ralph Rooster

THIS BAIT MAKES SWELL
TIRES FOR THE OLD
JALOPY! WE CAN USE
SOME MORE WITH GOOD
TREADS FOR THE SPARE
TIRE!

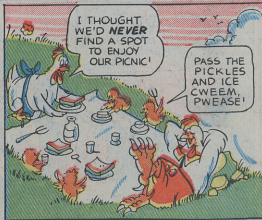


WE'VE JUST A
COUPLE OF MILES
LEFT ON OUR TIRES--
WE'LL SPEND IT ON AN
ALL DAY PICNIC!

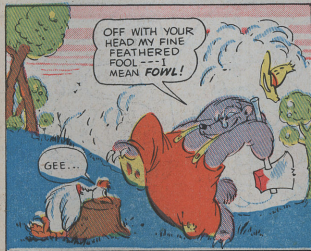
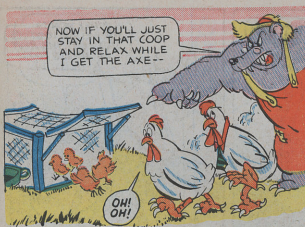


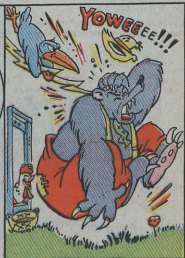
OH, BOY--A SWELL
PICNIC GROUND!
JUST LOOK AT
THAT BEAUTIFUL
LANDSCAPE!

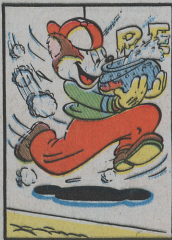
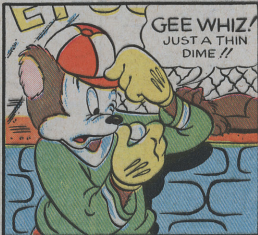
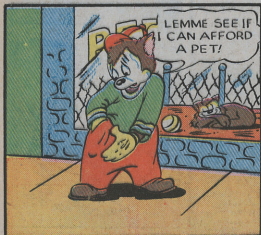


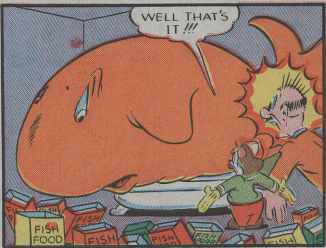
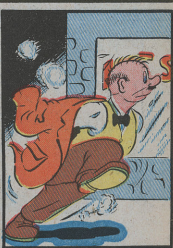














GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?



No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
Fast!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make You a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



5 inches
of new
Muscle

"My arms increased $1\frac{1}{2}$ "
about $2\frac{1}{2}$ " forearm $3\frac{1}{2}$ "
—C. S., W. Va.



What a
difference!

"Have put $3\frac{1}{2}$ "
on chest (normal) and
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ " expanded."
—F. S., N. Y.



Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!

John Jacobs
BEFORE

John Jacobs
AFTER



For quick results
I recommend
CHARLES
ATLAS

"Am sending snapshot show-
ing wonderful progress."
—W. G., N. Y.



GAINED
29
POUNDS

"When I started,
weighed only 141.
Now 170."
—T. K., N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man"
in international
contest—in
competition
with ALL men
who would con-
sent to appear
against him.

This is a re-
cent photo of
Charles Atlas
showing how
he looks today.
This is not a
studio picture
but an actual
untouched
snapshot.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, slimy-chested weakling I was at 17 to a present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—any way, I give you my **gadgets or contraptions to fool**

with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-forward, plain language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. **AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 21810, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 21810
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

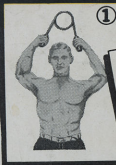
Name
(Please print or write plainly)

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City State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

Get **SUPER STRENGTH** through these **4 EASY STEPS**



Super Power Crusher Grip— “MOULDER OF MEN”

The amazing super power Crusher Grip pictured in the four exercises, made of $\frac{3}{4}$ " high tension steel, has been used by some of the strongest men in the world! America today has no place for weaklings. America needs **STRONG MEN**, men who will build the better world of tomorrow. Prepare for tomorrow's successes by developing crushing strength today! Complete illustrated instructions with each Crusher Grip.

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Follow the footsteps of professional muscle men to develop a superb body and muscles of steel. This fast-moving muscle developer gets you there in four easy steps. Simply follow the simplified instructions and use your Super Power Crusher Grip which is free with this offer. Act now while the entire outfit is available at a low price . . . the supply is limited.

Here is your chance to develop a body packed with rock ribbed man-muscle, surging with vibrant, dynamic power . . . a body that men and women must admire. Just these four easy steps, practised only a few minutes a day, will help build inches of

power packed muscle on your frame, develop crushing biceps, husky forearms, super-strength back, chest, stomach and leg muscles, make a new man of you . . . **ALL MAN!**

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DOUBLE Money Back GUARANTEE

If these muscle builders don't bring you satisfactory results in an amazingly short time, **WE WILL GIVE YOU DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in and send coupon. When postman delivers your Super Power Crusher Grip and free Super Power Hand Grips, pay him only \$1.98 plus postage. Develop champion strength as champions do. Rush coupon...Now!

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WITH YOUR ORDER
SUPER POWER HAND GRIPS
Powerful high tension hand grips.
Builds powerful wrists, forearms, fingers . . . and it's **FREE** with your order.

MUSCLE POWER CO.

Dept. 6610 P. O. Box No. 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.
Send me the Super Strength Crusher Grip as described. I will pay the postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Also enclose the Super Power Hand Grips free with my order.

Name.....

Address.....
(SPECIAL) If you are abroad ship or outside the U.S.A. please send money order for \$2.15.